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California GARDEN

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FEB.-MARCH
1941

THE SERRA PALM
Winifred Davidson

TRIBUTE TO
KATE O. SESSIONS
Arthur M. Shoven
Alice C. Carroll

BIRD PARADE
Frank F. Gander

NOSTALGIA
Eric E. Eastman

ROSE DISEASES
Silas B. Osborn

PROBLEMS OF THE SOIL
By R. R. McLean

GLEANINGS
Ida Louise Bryant

FLOWER SHOW

The Santa Barbara Spring Flower Show—"La Primavera" will be held April 3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th. While Santa Barbara always has a very fine Spring Flower Show, this is going to be an especially fine one among the Spring Flower Show in California Garden.

DISPLAY

The Rosecroft Begonia Gardens has a very special display that will interest local readers. Mr. Robinson has done the arches of the lath house as shadow boxes which are illuminated at night.

CALIFORNIA GARDEN

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The Serra Palm . . . .

By WINIFRED DAVIDSON

The large palm tree (phoenix dactylifera) at the foot of Presidio Hill, affectionately called Serra Palm, is believed to be the oldest man-planted tree in California. Historians guess that its seed and that of another less thrifty palm, the trunk of which lies in the garden behind Ramon's Home, may have been placed in the ground in the summer of 1769. In these 162 years it has reached a height of 72½ feet, and there seems no reason why it should not long continue to flourish.

"Two tantates dates" is an item included in the bill of lading on the San Carlos which reached this port late in May of 1769; a tanate being "a crude hamper containing about 75 pounds of dried fruits;" and it is within reason that Fr. Serra or one of the leather-jacket soldiers encamped beside the river San Diego, may have officiated at a tree-planting ceremony marking the site of the first permanent Spanish Camp in California.

This palm dominating the scene in Beautiful Franciscan Gardens (called by our Spanish pioneers El Jardin del Rey—the King's Garden) is a living monument to more than sixty soldiers and sailors, victims of scurvy and first whites to be buried in California soil. Here Governor Gaspar de Portola arriving June 29, 1768, and Padre Junipero Serra, arriving three days later, found the survivors of the officers and crews of the two ships which had reached San Diego in the spring. From this spot departed in mid-july the governor and nearly every able-bodied man in camp, seeking Monterey by means of a land exploration. The tree therefore marks also the beginning of that part of El Camino Real, most famous highway in the west, which ultimately connected all the missions of California.

The phoenix dactylifera that in the early '90's was shipped to the World's Fair at Chicago grew half-a-mile east of Serra Palm, a few feet south of El Camino del Rio, the river road.

The Union of Nov. 4, 1869 has this pertinent item:

"Those Palm Trees.—Among the greatest ornaments and curiosities of this neighborhood are the palm trees near Old Town. It would be a pity to lose them; yet they are exposed by the roadside (La Playa trail), to be bruised by runaways, to be halter-cut and to be burnt and chipped by vagabonds. Will not some public-spirited citizen levy a contribution on our lumber yards and carpenters and have them fenced in?"

That this warning was heeded is shown by a Union clipping of April 2, 1887: "The palms at Old Town, the trees planted 100 years ago by the mission fathers, have been protected by a railing. They have been injured considerably by the gnawing of uneasy horses and the carving of vandal knives, but they have great vitality yet and promise to live another hundred years."

The iron fence which now adequately protects the surviving tree was originally donated by Mrs. Winifred Murtha for Serra cross. In 1929 it was rebuilt around the tree.

The late Charles Kelly said: "There were never more than two palms at the place, the one that was killed by cattle constantly rubbing their necks against it, and Serra Palm."

Another very old palm, likewise a phoenix dactylifera, is at Mission San Diego. Though probably not as old as Serra palm, it, too, should be protected.

TREES OF SANTA BARBARA

Here in Southern California where the man-influenced landscape is so largely made up of exotic trees, it is desirable from time to time for someone to hesitate in the onward rush of newly introduced species and take account of plant material that has made good, the trees that have stood the test of some years.

This has recently been done by Maunsell Van Rensselaer, director of the Santa Barbara Botanic Garden, in a masterly treatment of species that are growing successfully in and around that community. The

work has been published and is available in a paper cover for 75 cents or in cloth for $1. While the background of the study is scientific, the presentation and make-up is such as to appeal to any amateur lover or student of trees. Many very excellent photographs lead one through some 140 pages in a veritable feast of continued expectancy that ends in starting over again to include a digest of the text. It is one of the most worthwhile things I have seen in some time and, since the material is adapted almost 100 percent to these more southerly regions, it is with satisfaction and confidence I commend it.—R. S. H.

January Meeting

The January meeting was held in the Floral Building on the 21st of the month with a good turnout to hear Miss Olive Stimson speak on garden design. Miss Stimson, a landscape architect of note, told us that "civilization is with us as soon as gardening is mentioned," and that it is developed primarily from human needs. Most human need comes from the effort to bring source material nearer and more convenient as such, rather than going to it like the animal. In other words, security, comfort and ease propel us, rather than need solely. To achieve this, at one time we all had gardens from which we plucked the next meal's provender. Now it is easier and more economical to phone the grocer, minimizing the consumer effort by purchasing celophaned spinach and frozen strawberries . . . this, instead of spending the summer cultivating and growing and canning in place of having to dig out frozen roots for winters use. Why is it, if we humans are so much of a power unto ourselves, as some scientists would have us believe . . . why is it, in our evolution, did not we evolve by way of the easier route and either hibernate for the winter or

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Incense Cedar for Miss Sessions

By ARTHUR M. SHOVEN

Tributes to the memory of Miss Kate Sessions were paid by civic leaders and San Diego Floral association members at a tree planting ceremony in Balboa park yesterday.

A feature was the planting of an incense cedar tree in front of the Educational building and near the tree planted in memory of John Morley, former park superintendent.

At the base of the cedar tree is a brass marker mounted on a seaside stone. Inscribed on the plaque are the following words: "In memoriam, Kate O. Sessions, horticulturist, 1859-1940."

San Diego Floral Assn.

Mrs. Mary O. Greer, association president, recalled Miss Sessions' career as a horticulturist and her labors in beautifying Balboa park.

R. R. McClean, county agricultural commissioner, said: "Miss Sessions during her lifetime performed notable service to San Diego county. Her achievements will be more appreciated as San Diegans begin to visualize the beauty of her landscaping work with flowers, trees and shrubs.

Mrs. Bessie Clark Bretz, park commissioner, said that as a small girl Miss Sessions was deeply interested in beautiful things and particularly flowers and shrubs.

"All over the world there are gardens symbolic of her genius," said Mrs. Bretz.

Dr. Ralph S. Roberts, Pacific Beach chamber of commerce past president, who was a neighbor of Miss Sessions, said he had a comprehensive plan for garden development outlined by Miss Sessions and that he hoped to complete this garden at Pacific Beach soon. Many friends of Miss Sessions attended the ceremony.

Mr. Julius Wangenheim made a comparison of this beautiful tree to that of the tree planted for Mr. Morley, stating one a sturdy oak and this incense cedar, an evergreen, which was symbolic of Miss Sessions in her desire to make flowers, shrubs and trees bloom, to make San Diego "evergreen."

Miss Alice Carroll made a beautiful comparison of Miss Sessions and beauty in nature, which was always uppermost in her mind, and believed that Miss Sessions might now be walking down beautiful rows of flowers and all nature was at her call as the long flowery pathay of the years that lay behind.

A TRIBUTE TO KATE O. SESSIONS

I realize today, perhaps more than ever before, what a fortunate person I am, for I have known Kate Sessions all my life. I wish I had known her longer. I would like to have known her when she was a little girl, a personality as dynamic then as later years proved her to be.

At a very early age she displayed her delight in gardening, and loved to visit my father's farm, where, immediately upon arrival, she ran for a hoe and began a campaign of improvement, as my father said. I heard him relate how upon one of these occasions she came marching proudly into the house, her cheeks as red as roses, saying "uncle," I chopped all the big weeds out of your veg'table garden." And when he went out later he found she had chopped out all his cabbages.

The next step was to learn the joy of planting and the mystery of the fertile seed. In sorting over her papers I have been impressed by the number of letters from great people representing almost all branches of endeavor; asking advice in planting; in admiration of herself and her splendid work; requesting seeds of plants she had introduced and had popularized. I

am sure that all over the world there are gardens bearing fragrant tribute to her memory.

It is said that he has blessed the earth who has made two blades of grass grow where but one had grown; how much more blessed is she who made myriads of flowers, lovely shrubs and stately trees grow where before lay only the bare brown fields.

I have a great many photographs of her, beginning with those in the old dauguerroetype days; first a plump little cherub of six months; then at a year, with inquiring eyes peeking out of her embroidered wrappings; again at two and one-half, a perky little miss sitting erect upon a stool gazing at the world with wide-eyed interest. Self- reliance in every line of her. And so on through girlhood to the beautiful young lady who graduated from the University of California in 1881; the handsome young woman who came to teach in San Diego; at her little flower shop and later in this spot which is now Balboa park; many, many of them taken with you in your gardens. At last we come to the one of the very distinguished lady whose portrait appeared in the papers at the time of her passing. Each marks a milestone.

In them all you notice her beautiful eyes, so sparkling, so keenly intelligent, observant, humorous, so full of the zest for life.

But there was another, one of the last ever taken that I think the most wonderful of them all. She had told me about it but would not let me see it. I found it after she was gone.

It is a large picture, showing a three-quarter view of the face. "I don't like it" she had said, "it makes me look old." It does. All of her eighty years are there. Her not-so-many wrinkles all show and a little wisp of her lovely gray hair had fallen and curled up back of her collar as so frequently it did, but there is a look of perfect peace and serenity on her face and her eyes are soft and full of

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The Bird Parade . . . . .

By FRANK FORREST GANDER,
Natural History Museum

WESTERN BLUEBIRD

Gardens are happy places, but not in every garden may that symbol of happiness, the Western Bluebird, be found. And, curiously enough, not always do these birds bring happiness when they visit us, for in the gardens of coastal cities, they are most apt to be seen during the winter months when they are traveling in flocks and feeding largely on berries. Indeed, beautiful as they are, Western Bluebirds are quite unwelcome in some gardens, especially when they join with the Cedar Waxwings and Purple Finches in stripping berries of all sorts from our bushes just before the holiday season. But to what better use could berries be put than to attract these lovely feathered sprites to our yards!

Well may we wish that Western Bluebirds would stay with us the year around, but alas, in San Diego and similar coastal cities there is slight chance that such wish will come true. Like all bluebirds, our local ones nest normally in hollows in trees and are most apt to be found during the spring and summer months any where a natural growth of oaks, cottonwoods, and sycamores provides them with suitable nesting cavities. But occasionally they do summer elsewhere, as one pair did which started housekeeping and raised a family in a deserted Cliff Swallow nest on a building in Balboa Park. They are quick to accept bird boxes, too, when these are favorably situated. Luck indeed is the garden which has a pair of nesting bluebirds in its vicinity, for while young are being raised, these birds destroy great numbers of insects.

Western Bluebirds are so beautiful that they are welcome in my garden at all seasons, and all winter have visited me several times daily. The chief attraction for them is the pepper tree with its load of pungent, coral berries, but every visit, they find some insects hidden in the grass or among the flowers. They come, too, with the resident birds and Audubon Warblers to drink from the Indian mortar near the house. No flower could be fairer than these beauties! The male, of course, has the finest colors—deep blue on the head and extending down over the neck, shoulders, wings, and tail, with rich rufous on the chest and back. It is in this last feature that our western bird differs from its eastern relative which has a blue back. In our other local species, the Mountain Bluebird, the male is a beautiful light blue all over. Females of both kinds wear faded suits similar to those of their glorious mates. Of the other blue-colored birds, the jays are much larger and have long tails; the Blue Grosbeak and Lazuli Bunting have the short, conical beak which is typical of the sparrow tribe, quite different from the thrush-like beak of the true bluebirds.

MOURNING DOVE

March—when the green hills are fragrant with shooting-stars and wild lilac, when tree-frogs are shrilling in every wayside pool, when nature is vibrant with the urge to reproduce, then the Mourning Dove speaks for all the little wildlings as he calls, "you, you, I want you-u." For me there is no sweater voice in the out-of-doors, and none that brings pleasanter memories. All my life I have lived with birds, and throughout the years, the wild dove has had a sure place in my affections. I have admired its brown and mauve dress and the lovely irridescent gleamings on its neck. I have marvelled at its graceful swift flight, readily

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COMPLICATIONS and COMMENT

Call this chitter, but not tattle—call it it gossip, call it prattle—
But whate'er may be its name, call it fun—
This garden game!

CLERODENDRUM

In reviewing Golden Gardens for November, we spoke of Mr. Hugh Evans' recommendation of one of our pets, namely Clerodendron myricoides—said pets came from the nursery labelled "microides" by the way, but we're not going to tear our already too frail Latin to shreds, unwrapping the mystery. The point is that in "Plant Portraits" in December's GARDENERS' CHRONICLE we find that both were wrong for our particular plant it is beyond a doubt 'Clerodendron ugandense," coming, as its name indicates, from Uganda, in South Africa. The writer, from the New York Botanical Garden, has this to say about the shrub: "When, some fifteen years ago, I first saw Clerodendron ugandense in bloom, I thought the individual flower one of the most beautiful I had ever seen. The passing of time has not altered that opinion. To me, the flowers of this plant suggest rare and exotic brilliant blue butterflies poised for flight. . . . It has never become common in cultivation, although it would seem eminently adapted for outdoor gardens in the warmer parts of the United States. At the New York Botanical Gardens it is a good winter-blooming plant for the cool greenhouse, and at Kew it is grown under similar conditions. A plant I observed at Kew in a ground bed formed a wide bush eight feet in height, and was flowering in June."

It seems to flower continuously here, and has vining tendencies; one of the young men in Miss Sessions' nursery pointed in out with delighted pride as having developed a shoot five feet long that had reached over and leaned itself against the fence. Coming down to sea level after living at a 2,000 foot elevation in Uganda may be rather enervating for this plant subject.—I.L.B.

GARDEN ECONOMICS

We've a lot of new jobs and a lot of new buildings in our town and we old timers who were pruned back, perhaps frozen back, by —— days in the 1930's we'll not name, —well, we're making private resolutions. We're admiring the activity and we're going along with it but we're not going up on that "boom" log. We're going to stay on the ground and dig in. We're going to dig in the part of those new sheckels we aren't salting carefully away. The business of salting away sheckels is economics, not gardening, and some say you might as well throw 'em away but I don't really believe that provided you use good "barrels" and several of them. There's always the postal savings barrel. But as for digging in, along with the new buildings why not new gardens? Of course new homes should be landscaped as a matter of course but many of us old timers live in good enough homes, if fixed up intelligently. And a whole lot of us are going to tear out and throw away old stuff in the garden and put in new, just in keeping with the spirit of new construction. And we're going to have ourselves fresh, new plants and fresh new viewpoints. I don't know why those two go together but they do. You just try the system and you'll find it works. And just because times are good and we want to keep them good, we're going to put in vegetable plots if we possibly can and work 'em. You can't waste your salary and your chances in your spare time if you're in a vegetable garden. And the market man won't miss what you raise if you raise it because you'll be spending your extra money with his brother-in-law who is a contractor and owes him money. Or some such economic process. Of course anything can happen but we old timers would rather meet it with a good bank account, a good home, and a good garden.—A.L.P.

THE BIRD PARADE . . .

(Continued from Page 3)

recognized because of the bird's long pointed tail. I have followed the intricate tracings of its dainty pink feet on fields and roadsides. And then there have been springs when I felt that the dove was calling out for me words that I could not utter, and now, though the spring of my life is past, I still thrill to the amorous call of this bird.

When the lovesick swains finally secure their mates, then nests are constructed, crude affairs of coarse sticks, and in each two white eggs are laid. Both parents share incubation duties, and after seventeen days, the young are hatched. Such homely young they are, their blue skin but scantily covered with long yellow down, and their grotesque beaks out of all proportion to the size of the nestlings. As with many parents, the doves see only beauty in their babies and tend them solicitously. The young are fed by regurgitation, at first with a white pap with which the crops of the young birds are filled several times daily. By gradual steps, this is changed until by the time the young hopefuls are two weeks old and ready to leave the nest, they are receiving from their parents freshly eaten seeds mixed with water and with a little gravel for grinding the seeds in the gizzard. Some birds become so expert in their parental duties that they can feed both children at once, taking a young bird's beak in each side of their own and pumping into both at the same time.

The first flight of young doves often carries them to the ground where their soft colors help them to hide. Occasionally a pair will return to the nest to roost for one or two nights, but others do not. The nests themselves are placed in a great variety of situations, sometimes on the ground, sometimes on rocks, but in our gardens, most often on the horizontal branch of a tree or on a palm frond. Some

nests are used a second and even a third time, and again the old nests of other birds may be used. Nesting is carried on over a long period, as little birds that left the nest in February and must have hatched from eggs laid in January, and other babies not yet on the wing by the first of October, are within my own experience. Many pairs are still nesting when the hunting season starts in September.

So far as gardeners are concerned, doves are entirely beneficial as they feed largely on weed seeds, devouring thousands of these each day. Occasionally where the birds are abundant, they will do some damage to grain stacked in the fields, but most of the grain which they take is gleaned from the stubble. In the cities, they add the seeds of acacias and other trees to their diet and are quick to find and visit bird feeding stations.

Each autumn when I see the arrow-swift flight of doves against a sunset sky as they go to watering places in the riverbed, and then hear the booming of guns, I think of their martyred relative, the Passenger Pigeon, whose massed myriads darkened the sun in the days of our forefathers. Now, a few stuffed skins in museums are all that is left of that wonderful bird. Our ancestors robbed us of our rightful heritage. Will we be equally thoughtless of our descendants and bring the Mourning Dove to extinction? I think not, for doves are prolific, and I am hopeful that in the not too distant future, I can watch the doves streaming across the evening sky and know that for them the guns have ceased to boom. Natural History Museum, Balboa Park.

California, we read, is the leading domestic producer of quicksilver. And for the movie stars who skyrocketed to fame it's also tops in producing quick gold. Gold is the predominant color of native California flowers.

Gleanings from the Magazines

By Ida Louise Bryant

GOLDEN GARDENS for December has an excellent article on "The Perennial Border in Southern California," in which the writer points out clearly the traps we amateur gardeners fall into when we follow Eastern gardening practice with most perennials. In regard to dividing some things, aquilegia, for example; while it's the common procedure there, it's "plain murder" here. And many plants that thrive only in full sun there, shrivel to nothingness under our steady summer sunshine here. He is comforting when he speaks of not crowding and jamming plants in together! "well cared for good earth around a plant is of itself a thing of beauty." If we could impress that on the owners of new homes, perhaps gardening for the very first time, and in a fever of impatience to get the ground completely covered with green, growing things. (Note for next housewarming present; hand-illuminated motto in six inch letters, NEVER CROWD YOUR PLANTING.)

The January copy of this fine little magazine has a very fine reproduction on its cover page of a photographed twig of Rhus ovata, the "sugar bush" that still covers many of our vacant lots and canyons on the outskirts of town. GOLDEN GARDENS is the California Garden Clubs' magazine, and a very good one it is. It has 16 pages, 6½ by 9½, slick paper, always with a good photograph of an interesting tree or plant on the cover, about 1½ pages of advertisements, and sells for five cents a copy, fifty cents a year. The series of articles on Ground Covers, now running, by leading gardeners from all parts of the state, is a regular experience meeting, and should be followed by anyone looking about for something new.

DESERT PLANT LIFE, the last two copies of which have come out with gay colored cover pages, gets more intelligible to a reader who knows not one iota about cacti; and we canunderstand the collecting fever that seems to possess cactus fanciers. After all, collectors' magazines are going in for button collections; compared with buttons, cacti and succulents would seem to vibrate and scintillate with personality. We read that Des Moines has a thriving Cactus Club, with its own permanent quarters.

CACTUS AND SUCCULENT JOURNAL for December has in the center of its black and white cover a lovely small print, in three harmonious colors, of that favorite of our mothers, the Christmas Cactus, Zygocactus truncatus. Do you share with us memories of how proudly it was displayed, generally on the very highest shelf of the scallopy wire flower stand, on those rare occasions when it actually did bloom at Christmas, back there in the middle west? On page 192 of the little magazine are found explicit directions for taking care of cacti and succulents and on page 193 fol., the ABC of cactus gardening, from planting seed to grafting, is explained in a practical and not ultra technical monograph. Our readers remember, of course, that these magazines are to be found on the Floral Association shelf in the Main Library, for circulation.

January BETTER HOMES AND GARDENS gibes at owners of hilly and sloping lots who long wistfully for level ones, in a beautifully illustrated article; we gaze with nostalgic pangs at rows of fiery tulips, lovely white dogwood blooms, clumps of prim little grape hyacinths, none of which we've had any success with, sloping lots or level ones. Three experts on home grounds have two pages of helpful suggestions for doing away with unsightly spots and conditions that spoil the effect.

GARDEN GOSSIP in its December issue has an article worth reading, even at this late date, on the modern idea as exemplified in Christmas trees; it expresses what so many of us have been thinking

and haven't had the courage to say.

GARDENERS' CHRONICLE for December has on its cover (we seem to be running to covers) the same Zygocactus, in Christmas red and green this time, instead of the pastel shades noted above. In "The Gardeners' Forum" we quote this sentence from a letter " . . . no American books which approach the subject with that combination of wit, scholarship, artistic appreciation and wide knowledge of material without which a garden book is either a maudlin sentimentalization, or a primer." We recommend to the writer our Garden Bible, Hoyt's "Ornamental Plants for Subtropical Regions." It answers every question for gardeners in this region, has to a marked degree the four attributes the Maryland writer demands, and should not be entirely off the map as far as Maryland climatic conditions are concerned.

Rose Diseases

By SILAS B. OSBORN
(Continuing from January-

Chrlorosis Die-Back and Tip-Burn (Alkali Induced):

There is a distinct difference in appearance and cause of this trouble and lime induced chlorosis. Poor sub-drainage is invariably associated with this trouble. More often than not this is not true with lime induced chlorosis. Also the chlorotic areas are more coppery in color, tip-burn is very prominent and die-back of the canes in severe cases is very general and serious. In fact, the plants seem to die-back faster than they grow. It invariably shows throughout a wide area in the garden, often the entire garden is affected. The condition may appear to come on rather suddenly, but actually in the absence of adequate sub-drainage alkali salts above the tolerance of the plants have been gradually accumulating in the soil comprising the root zone. Laying cement drain tile 20 to 30 inches below the ground level

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Problems of the Soil . . . .

By R. R. McLEAN, County Agricultural Commissioner

TAMARIND

Q. Can you tell me anything about the tamarind tree? Where does it grow in this country, what are its uses and can it be grown in California?—**B. J.**

A. The tamarind is apparently native to tropical Africa or southern Asia. It has long been cultivated in India and in tropical America. It is said to succeed in southern Florida, although the writer has no knowledge of its being grown in California, as yet. Early authorities have stated it was not sufficiently hardy to be grown in any part of California, but, as we are already growing other plants formerly thought too tender, it may be found possible to grow the tamarind in the most favorable locations. Nursery trees of this plant are already growing in a subtropical nursery at Encinitas and are reported to be in bloom.

The fruit is a cinnamon-brown pod, or bean, three to eight inches in length and from one-half to an inch in breadth. In each pod are several compressed seeds surrounded by brown pulp of acid taste. The fruit is used in the Orient as an ingredient of chutnies and curries and for pickling fish. It is also valued as a medicine. With the addition of sugar and water it yields a cooling drink. The pulp of the fruit is occasionally preserved.

WATER LILIES

Q. Can you give me some general information about how to grow water lilies? I have always wanted to grow them but never until now have I been so situated that I could. I would like to know, particularly, how deep they should be planted and how the soil should be prepared.—**Mrs. G. H. E.**

A. Water lily culture is rather a special branch of floriculture and before starting you should consult authorities and reliable dealers. Details cannot be given here for lack of space but a few hints, taken from Butterfield, University of California, may be of value.

"Water lilies should be planted in pine boxes so the container will be at least 15 to 18 inches square and 12 inches deep. Larger containers will favor even better growth and better blooming. There should be about 18 to 24 inches of depth from the surface of the water to the bottom of the container or about 8 inches minimum from the surface of the water to the crown of the water lily.

"A very rich mixture of 2 parts of loam and one part well-rotted cow manure is suitable for growing the water lilies. This mixture should have a handful or more of blood meal worked into it each spring to keep up the nitrogen and organic matter. Blood meal will not injure fish in the pool. Replanting of the water lily in new soil will be needed if this treatment is not given. Over the surface of the soil place 2 or 3 inches of sand so that the fish will not stir up the mud. * *

"Very tender tropical water lilies, when grown in pools that freeze over, should be lifted in the fall and the bulbs stored away in moist soil until good growing weather comes in the late spring." Fortunately this is not necessary in most sections of San Diego county where water lilies are grown.

WALL PLANTS

Q. Could you tell me the names of several plants I could grow in the top of a stucco wall? The earth is about six inches deep, exposed to a great deal of sun and wind, and difficult to water. Would like something that would trail and stay green the year round. I do not care for any variety of "ice plant."—**D. S. R.**

A. These conditions are very difficult to meet, as plants in such a location would be subject to much

drying out and would probably have to be renewed more or less frequently. Mesembryanthemums, of course, would head the list of candidates, but, as you do not wish any of them, they must be left out of consideration. Of the trailing plants, some form of English ivy might be satisfactory. Ivy likes shade, it is true, but will get along fairly well in the sun and without very much water. There are several varieties of English ivy, any one of which should do. Another trailing perennial that will exist under the most trying circumstances is Running Myrtle, Vinca major. This plant has light blue flowers and light green foliage. Vinca minor, or periwinkle, withstands poor conditions also and will live either in the shade or in the full sun. Then there are various species of cacti, many of which would be suitable for a wall. Some of these are vines, as the species Pereskia, Nepeta mussini, or Mussins mint, is a low grayish perennial, prolific in growth and bearing small lavender-blue flowers in summer. This plant is very drought resistant and gets along in the poorest soils. It maintains itself with a minimum of water. Scarlet sage, geraniums and the Wandering Jew are perhaps the last of the plants occurring to the writer as possibly being more or less suited to very trying conditions.

FLOWER VASE RINGS

To remove white flower-vase stains from highly polished surfaces cover the stains a minute with a soft cloth wrung out in warm water and ammonia—a tablespoon of household ammonia in four cups of warm water. Wipe dry with another soft cloth and rub up with furniture polish applied on a cloth. For best results work as soon as possible after the stains appear.

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Garden Nostalgia . . . . .

By ERIC E. EASTMAN

Color! Color! Color! How fortunate the dwellers of the Southland are, to have color every day of the year! Color that is reflected into the faces and lives of those who continuously dwell in its midst —color so abundant that at times our local critics think it bizarre, tawdry, common flash. Yet here is something distinctive and characteristic that the memory of sun and color makes the northland seem dull, dreary, and flat. Surely the invigorating climate in the north and somberness, fortunately, is sometimes relieved by the brilliance of freshly fallen snow. But that does not last long, and the lawns alone keeps the lives of the people from being the same, for our spontaneous joy and enthusiasm is lacking.

Here, in winter, only the drab background exists; grim greens and browns and grays. The monotony soon have a bermuda-grass-in-winter color, vitalized by some bright evergreen conifer or other. This may be offset by the bare twigs of deciduous shrubs, sometimes mildly tinged, and other pitifully petted plants wrapped in burlap, gauntly tied into wierd, noded bundles of varying height and angles, looking like the brown ghosts of former glory about to leave this miserable world. Here and there some yearning soul seeks to gain color by painting the window-sills and door-jams of his home a vivid hue that is as inappropriate as it is unexpected. Here is a most astounding demonstration of the human yen for color.

It does not seem that this condition is unavoidable, for here and there a barberry flashes its red berries against the snow like little Christmas bells, and the Oregon grape holds its prickly, holly-like leaves compactly and colorfully against the rigors of winter, while the mountain ash waves its crimson cyme against the sky. Surely there must be many more colorful natives or exotics that could brighten the winter-aspect of the country and cheer the alien passer-by. But in this respect the community spirit differs from ours, for not many are interested in the garden beautiful. Lawns and shade trees, a few roses and bulbs or tubers, comprise the bulk of the plantings. Some of the newer, better homes have a general pattern of shrubbery planting featuring arbor-vitae, junipers and wild grape—dull sops so far as color goes, but reflecting the work of the nearest landscape architect, nearly ninety miles away! A Southern California town of five or six thousand souls without a nursery or landscape gardener is unthinkable. Here they would be a starving curiosity. Which leads to the hypothesis that "interest in ornamental gardening varies directly as the mildness of the climate." Specifically, beautiful gardens are rare where the weather is too cold, or too hot, or too wet, or too dry to permit an enjoyment commensurate with the effort and expense of installation and maintenance.

Only a San Diegan—or any one from Southern California—who is sojourning far from home can realize how fortunate he is to live in a land where he can enjoy his colorful and fragrant garden almost every day in the year. Dwellers in the far places do not realize what they are missing — except dimly from movies and propaganda —and so they are not discontented with their environment. As the wag said, paraphrasing, "Where ignorance is bliss, it's wise to be foolish." —Eric E. Eastman.

The lone pine in the desert, insignia of the Travelers' Aid society, symbolizes rest and relief to weary or lost travelers.

Rose Diseases

(Continued from Page 6)

is the most practical method of correction. In severe cases the upper 18 inches at least of the soil of the rose bed should be spaded up and quantities of organic material incorporated in it before replanting. A liberal sprinkling of gypsum worked in the soil will improve the physical condition and in the event black alkali (sodium carbonate) is present will convert this water insoluble black alkali, which being water soluble may be then bleached from the soil.

Canker Diseases:

A number of canker diseases are known to occur on roses in the United States. None of them has to the writer's knowledge attracted serious attention in California. Observations over a period of years, however, indicates that a number of such diseases do occur on our roses. Since the symptoms of some of them closely resemble one another, an identification of the casual organism should be obtained, if possible. Suspected specimens may be sent to the State Department of Agriculture, Sacramento, for determination. All of these diseases affect the canes of the plants, some at the crown, others elsewhere.

Brown Canker (Cryptosporella Umbrina Jenkins):

Brown cankers on stems with a reddish purple border; affects the stems, leaves and blossoms. The most important canker disease.

Control: Removal of diseased canes. Treatment as for orange-rust. Dormant lime sulphur 1-10, weekly sulphur dusting or spraying thereafter. Susceptible types—Hybrid Teas.

Brand Canker (Coniothyrium Wernsdorffiae Laubert):

Reported only from New York, Texas, Pennsylvania, Minnesota in the United States.

Similar in appearance to brown canker.

Control: Same as for brown canker. Confined largely to climbers.

Stem Canker: (Coniothyrium fuckelii Sacc.):

Pale yellow or reddish spots appear on the bark. As the spots enlarge, the bark turns brown and is usually dry and cracked. Frequently causes heavy losses in the grafting frame. Sometimes the stems are completely girdled.

Susceptible types—All types, also raspberries.

Control: Prune out affected parts and disinfect wounds.

Crown Canker (Cylindrocladium Scoparium Morg):

Greenhouse hoses only are affected. All portions of the stems are susceptible but commonly affects the stem near the crown, causing reddish-brown lesions, often enlarged, with cracks running longitudinally.

Control: Removal of plants and sterilization of soil before replanting.

Crown Gall (Bacterium tumefaciens Erw. Smith & Townsend):

Characteristic galls form usually at crown, but may appear on any part of the root system and occasionally on the aerial parts.

Control: Remove plants and sterilize soil. Dipping roots of bare raated plants in standard bordeaux mixture 5-5-50 is believed by some investigators to destroy superficial infections, but this should be accepted as a precautionary measure only, since the bacterial causal organism become systemic when once well established, hence ordinary disinfecting methods are useless.

DISEASES OF THE BLOOMS

Blossom Blight (Botrytis spp.):

Affects half-opened blooms and undeveloped buds. Associated or accentuated by adverse weather conditions at blossoming time. Flower buds droop and fail to open. **Susceptible** types: Large roses with full petalage of soft texture or substance. Many of the older Teas, old fashioned cabbage rose, etc.

Control: Selection of resistant varieties. Removal of infected blossoms promptly by cutting back stems at least several inches below bloom. Dust or spray plants as for leaf diseases.

Bull Heads (Physiological Trouble);

At certain seasons some varieties such as Souv. de Claudius Pernet, Columbia, Ophelia, Talisman and many other varieties will set buds which fail to develop into normal flowers but upon opening will have short thick petals few in number exposing an ugly brown or black center. These malformations occur on strong new growths and are as a rule due to excessive growth and overfeeding, although climatic factors are probably also involved. If the center bud in a cluster formed on a strong new growth is removed, the side buds will usually develop normally. Some varieties, Souv. de Claudius Pernet, for example, seldom form perfect flowers in the early spring, but demand warmer weather for perfect development of form and color.

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January Meeting

(Continued from Page 2)

migrate south instead of bothering to build up this great, complicated, mechanical world? The modern definition of gardening is "the fitting of land for man's use and enjoyment". Since we have practically relegated our needs to the grocer, it leaves our home plot pretty much designed for pleasure.

The moment one takes unto one's self a plot of ground it becomes a matter of dealing in areas and bounds, in voids and solids, in lines and patterns, rythms and harmonies, in media and dimensions, whether or not it has been thought out in such terminology. "All know of people who play hobbies where it is distressing to the neighbors or passerbp." For instance, a block frontage is laid out in lawns to be interrupted by one of sand. The lover of the sand plot is constantly worried by the encroachment of the grass from the sides which has to be weeded out and the neighbor is just as much bothered with the sand blowing in windows over the turf.—W.H.N.

February Meeting

The association was addressed on the 18th by Mrs. Neff Bakkers, that well known member who cultivates over a thousand different varieties of cacti and other succulents out Encanto way and who is nationally recognized for this collection and original methods of hybridization.

Mrs. Mary Greer, in introducing the speaker, said she "would rather see the plants than the pictures to be thrown on the screen," but after the lecture had been delivered our worthy president was forced to admit that the pictures had exceeded her expectations and were indeed most lovely.

More than 150 natural color polychrome films were used and the audience marvelled at the excellence of modern photography. There were specimens shown that had been imported from Abyssinia, from Madagascar, Japan, Panama and from Europe, in addition to those more commonly known coming from New Mexico, Texas and Arizona, as well as many California species.

Some of the pictures at a distance looked like groups of dasies, of asters, of poppies, or of pinks, and one looked like a group of yellow ducklings. We saw aloes with horizontal flowers, climbing aloes which grew to be 40 feet high, aloes which grow in candelabra form and aloes which are known to cure disease. The coloring of the pictures, the different shades of pottery, of flagstone, coupled with the information given, together with Mrs. Bakkers own species of dry "succulent" humor, made the evening a very pleasant one.

In her opening remarks Mrs. Greer spoke of the beautiful incense cedar which had recently been planted on a beautiful hillside in memory of Miss Kate Sessions. After the lecture Mr. Orpet, visitor from Santa Barbara, told of the planting of thousands of plants of the self-rooting Hymenocyclus (Malephora) croceum in his county and that they were spreading out along the parkways to be greatly admired. He also told us that there was really only one mesembryanthemum and that many of the beautiful specimens we had recently seen on the screen were not really mesembryanthemum at all, that botanically they were now included in newly formed genera.—W.H.N.

A TRIBUTE TO KATE O. SESSIONS

(Continued from Page 3)

dreams, as if she might have been walking down the long flowery pathway of the years that lay behind.

If I may use a line of poetry to sum her up I can truly say "She walked in beauty."

And so in our hearts she will always live, enshrined in beauty. —Alice C. Carroll.

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